

miniMAG

issue06-

Preppy Right/ Dirtbag Left



Tip of the Spear

Tailgate. Gameday weekend. Georgia (4) vs. South Carolina (23). SEC rivalry. And I'm drunkenly rambling with 5 or 6 friends in its general direction. Friends being classmates, and roommates, and assorted freaks we've picked up over the years; people we listened to for a little bit and said, "Hey, you're singing my song."

Distance yourself from others.

There were two ways to get from our wrecked domicile to the tailgate lot. One goes by the main road, loops far out then heads towards the lot. Takes about 45 minutes. The other cuts through some woods, over a section of multiple train tracks, and pops right out at the lot. Takes about 10 minutes. You already know we're going to take the quick way. Through the woods and over the tracks it is. Even though it's mid-October, it's nice enough to be in short sleeves. We're all seniors but still ain't quite used to how nice fall is in the South, I guess in a lot of our hearts we're still northerners and college is just an extended vacation from our brooding northeastern lives.

Whew, that was a sentence. Take a breath, boys. We're already well on the way to being drunk, and the tailgate ain't too far up the road.

Stay inside. Don't go anywhere. Be safe.

Just before we hit the woods, we run smack dab into another group of co-eds. They're dressed like frat boys and sorority girls with their Gameday polo's and little black dresses.

Goddamn, I love college. Even though only a few of the girls were in sororities, and us boys were- after years of lying to ourselves- proudly not a part of Greek life, we were all pretty much dressed the same way. Both groups headed towards something good, and we all had a buzz going, and with beers and spirits in hand revelry is contagious, so we all spoke loudly and happily together, and walked into them dark woods as new friends.

You can die. Infections are spiking. Distance yourself. Listen to us.

It's much too early for anyone to be slizzered, it's only about 11am and the day is just warming up. We all know we got hours of boozing and hooliganism before our 6pm kickoff. Marathon, not a sprint. And the path through the woods was mercifully short, so we come to the train tracks pretty quickly. This strange little part of the tracks must have been some sort of junction because there were 4 or 5 tracks all crisscrossing around each other. Now, this wasn't any of ours' first rodeo,

we all had gone tailgating by this path many a time. Usually there weren't trains. And even if there were trains, then we didn't pay them no mind. It was usually just a singular engine chugging along at about 10 per hour. And none of us were train engineers, or conductors, or rocketeers, or whatever it's called now, so we were all used to paying the slow moving train no mind and walking across the tracks where it was safe. It was always safe. They went real slow through this spot. Today was one of those latter days, where there was a little train engine moving about. And we paid the solo little engine no mind. Normally we would have walked over the tracks already, but standing there in-between a bunch of the tracks was a man in a blaze-orange vest holding a comically large walkie-talkie.

It's irresponsible to leave your house. It's irresponsible to see distant family. It's irresponsible to cough.

This dude standing in the middle of the tracks was an engineer, or conductor, or whatever. I still don't know what he's properly called, so lets go with Asshole in a Blaze Orange Vest. It really rolls off of the tongue that way. And A-in-a-BOV had this walkie-talkie that directly delivered to him the word of god. Anyways, from the middle of the tracks he yelled at us that we can't cross. "State law!" he yelled. Well, to me it's just a track, and we're all safe and prepared to go over so I called back, "Bullshit! We cross here all the time!" He yelled, "Listen, kid, boss says ain't nobody allowed to cross." I'm all riled up, and I look at the assorted frat boys and jocks and bros

behind me and we mumble about how they concur that this is indeed bullshit, and I say I'm going anyways.

There's nothing worse than sickness. You probably won't die, but you *might*. Get tested. Stay inside.

At this point, A-in-a-BOV has walked across the tracks and up to us. The train has passed again, I swear to god it was just going back-and-forth like a Goomba on 1-1, slowly and without menace but yeah, if you touched it you'd need another mushroom. A-in-a-BOV mustered up the power given to him by the holy talkie-walkie and boomed out, "Son, just last week a boy like you came across this here track and lost his arm." Many in our group did in fact recoil at this, and it took my drunk mind a second to think about how someone could lose *just* their arm to a train. Like, I'm 100% sure its happened before, but seriously man, *just* his arm? The train hit him, and he bounced, and the arm popped off? Maybe he was climbing on it and fell? It got caught in something? What are the most common non-deadly injuries caused by trains? And I lost the initiative responding to A-in-a-BOV due to this spiral of imagined train accidents. It really made me want to go pet the damn train and do some google searches. But luckily my boy, Craig, was right behind me and a little sharper than anyone gives him credit for because he yelled out: "Last week was an away game! Go fuck yourself."

**We must surrender. Do nothing. Watch videos.
Listen to the news. Think of the hospitals, they're**

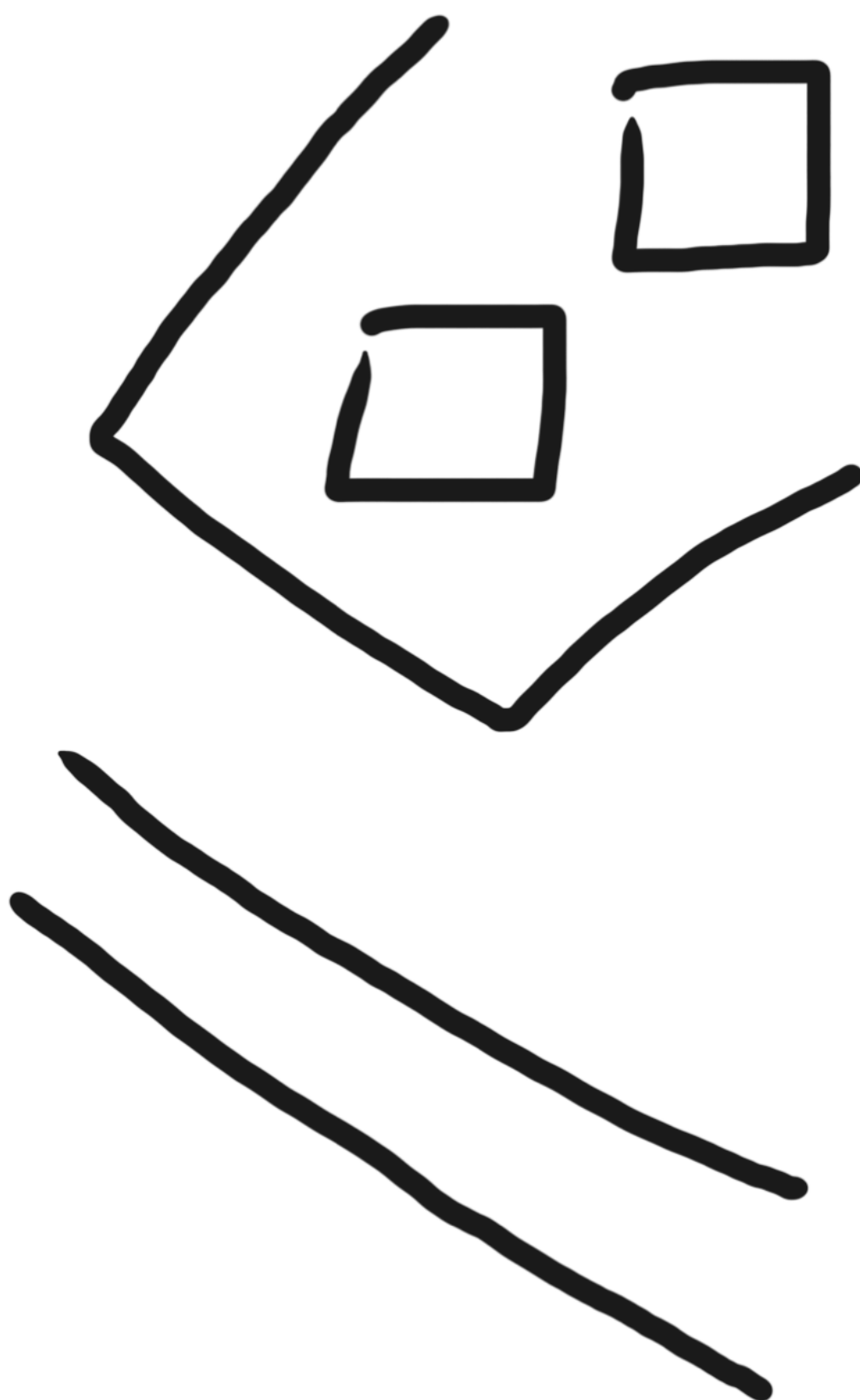
hospitals, they aren't prepared for sick people to go there.

Thank you, Craig. That was a hell of a point. But A-in-a-BOV wasn't hearing it, and I looked around at the gang, hoping for support and saw ready eyes and faces. It looked to me that A-in-a-BOV couldn't stop all of us at once. And he was still about 10 feet away, anyways. So I went. I started walking and A-in-a-BOV stared me down, and I was just an idiot senior but I figured I could and should at least be able to judge danger for myself, and make the choice on what to do about it for myself, and I was pretty sure that's what every history and social studies class I had ever taken had told me, so I took it in my hands. Liberty and the pursuit of all that shit. And as I walked up to him he grabbed me and I grabbed him. Now, this next part I'm glad I did, because up until this point I just assumed the other boys, who had all looked ready to riot were going to be with me. But what I did, just as we grabbed each other, was look back. And what I saw was that my crew was still ten feet away, bashfully grazing at the edge of the woods, hands in their pockets, nervous and not doing shit. And that grubby A-in-a-BOV still had his hands on my shoulders, and I knew, even with a couple of beers worth of confidence, I knew I had lost and I backed down.

Stay at home.

On the sad walk back through the woods, one of the guys patted me on the back. He said he was with me 100% and

commended me for being “Tip of the spear.” From where I had been standing, it sure didn’t feel like he was with me. And that commendation felt pretty empty. But I said thanks. and knew the spirit of our generation.



Review/ Eulogy

Cumtown

By anon

there comes a time when being gay with your dad
losses its sheen.

when the fat man sings
one too many songs about his below average penis.
when calling someone a bug
feels more personal than antisemitic.

nobody wants to put down the 12 year-old
pitbull sitting on the rug,
stuck in a hack of miasma and shitting itself,
it has to be done.

this stanza's just a bunch of in-jokes,
like bong-hit transplant
and saying I'm gay.
ignore it. go visit
the Richard Gere museum instead.

if podcasting is someday looked at
as some stream-of-conscious,
impromptu art form:
I hope cumtown is forgotten,
like the local band that inspired The Doors
(MSSP is The Doors in this analogy),
and The Adam Friedland Show goes out
on a heroin overdose.
but then again
I'm gay

all-you-can-eat

By Bo7000

Life is a buffet. How
unfortunate.

Every plate is a dream, a task, a
problem, an hour on Steam.

Getting a new plate of food is the
only way forward.

But..

If you look around, almost all the
plates still have food on them.

Everyone takes a few bites and
then leaves for their next meal.

Cherries and Chips are easy to
finish. They are small.
Meaningless.

A popular dish, the roast
chicken, is on everyone's table.
It's delicious. It's filling.

I took a few bites and then said
I'd come back to finish it later. I
wanted a slice of pizza.

When I came back to my table, I
ate my pizza. Looked at the
chicken... and pushed it to the
back of the table. I need more
room.

But it sat there.

A few hours later it was cold.

A few days later, it began to rot.

A few weeks later, I didn't see it,
but I could smell it.

Why eat this if I can get a fresh
dream

Luckily, my table is vast. A lot of
room for unfinished meals.

But.. that stench doesn't leave.

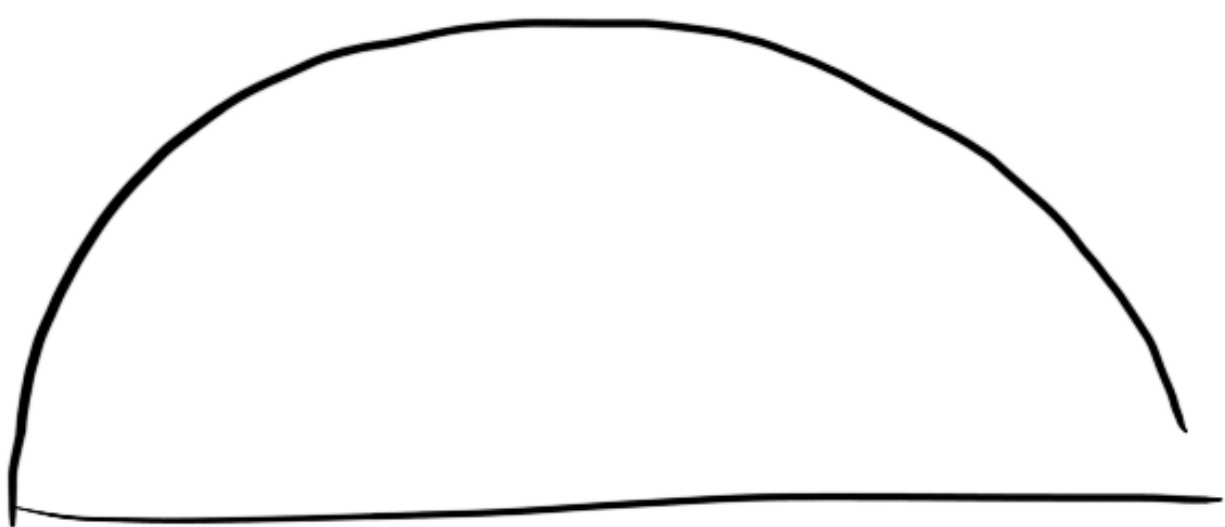
A restaurant full of patrons
eating chips while plates build
up around them.

They move. Sit at another chair.
But their choices from the last
seat can still be noticed. Whether
by smell or sight.

A table full of half-eaten plates.

Maybe it gets thrown away. But
maybe you can't take out the
trash.

Finish your food.



Aztec Advent Candle

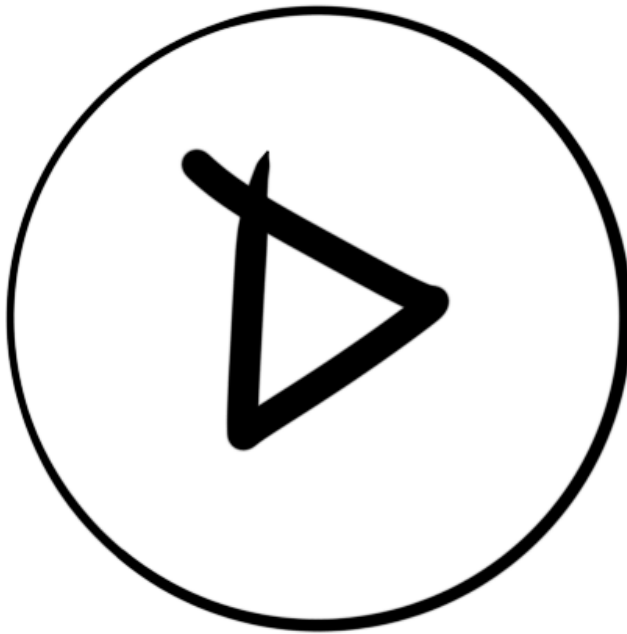
Were there moments of complete
boredom in the Aztec Empire
-like waiting in the mall,
for the women of your family
to find the bathroom
while you and the other men, who haven't spoken
more than a full sentence to each other in years,
and disapprove of each other
on a very deep level, try to think of something to say
between the Abercrombie
Fitch and the escalator
on another Black Friday spent at the mall-
were there moments like that
at Tenochtitlan?

Waiting outside of Tenochtitlan, in front
of the stable while the horses
are being brought in,
stableman has been back there, tying them
up for twenty minutes, and y'all
are just standing on the road.
Stuck between where you're going
and where you been. Pretty sure
you could just head into the town proper
but, I don't know, maybe he's got a receipt
system in place -or- needs you to fill out
some paper work, just like something you'll need
to retrieve the horses or whatever- oh shit
Cortez brought the horse, huh-
not really an ancient Aztec thing at all

Ok so,
you're all gathered round one of those square
stepped pyramids on a holy day, blood
sacrifices bout to kick off. Actually
that whole day must be pretty exciting, huh

Ok so,
next day after that then, and it's like
"all-quiet on the temple grounds", and it's just you waiting
for one of the priests to, I don't know, deliver
a heart for that night's family feast, was that a thing?
-I'm not saying y'all ate the heart or whatever,
but it's like a centerpiece
similar to a menorah,
or a, a, a advent candle-
and you're just waiting there
at the bottom of the pyramid steps
and there's just one dude
washing the blood of yesterday off the steps
while buzzards fly overheard,
and you're like, is this it?

and this is it. Standing in front
of the Abercrombie. Everywhere,
always, this is it.



url: minimag.space

subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com

“Cumtown” by anonymous

“all-you-can-eat” by Bo7000

Images, editing, “Tip of the Spear”, and “Aztec Advent
Candle” by Alexander Prestia